

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE BEDROOM - MORNING

A girl lays sleeping.

Her room is a tip - bottles and ashtrays, incense leaves a trail of smoke. Indian throws cover the walls, potted plants line the windows. She is STEPH, 25, pretty, long blonde hair, tanned from travel.

An alarm sounds and vibrates from under her pillow. She moans, stretches and removes earplugs from her ears, as she does this we hear a bass line and deep throbbing kick drum muffled through the wall.

She reaches under her pillow to turn her phone alarm off.

She gets up sleepily, her big baggy t-shirt hanging below her knees. Eyes half shut she walks out in to the main living area. As she opens the door she is greeted by a flood of noise and activity.

There is a group of people directly outside her door, holding beers, chatting loudly and laughing. She squeezes through them.

She shoves through them, walking through to the main living area.

There are about eighty people in her small open plan living room, crouched on the arms of sofas, strumming guitars, drinking, doing drugs, sat on the floor. It's a quirky space, a hodge podge of wooden platforms, large plants, old crunchy looking leather sofas and found objects.

Smoke hangs thick in the air and harsh light floods the room from the floor to ceiling windows. She arrives at the toilet, there is a queue of three people waiting, excitedly chatting and gurning.

She politely waits. An Australian guy comes up to her and starts chatting.

GUY

Hey, how you going?

Nothing.

GUY

(rushing, gurning)

Aw, bro! This is hectic, hey?

She rolls her eyes.

GUY

For real bro, like... shit!
Hey, wanna hear me freestyle?

STEPH

No.

GUY

Seriously, gimme any word and
I can just jam, straight up -
can you beatbox?

STEPH

No.

GUY

You want some MD?

He gets a wrap out of his pocket and opens it, dipping his
finger in pointing it at her face.

She wriggles away from him.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steph enters and is met with chaos. There's detritus
everywhere, an overflowing waste paper bin, empty beer
cans lining the sink, she looks in the shower - vomit, she
locks the door and gathers herself.

She sits down on the toilet. The broken loo seat comes out
from under her and she slips, bare buttock on cold
porcelain.

She goes for toilet paper, it's sodden in liquid on the
floor. She lets out a stifled sigh.

TITLE:

L I V E / W O R K

INT. WAREHOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

BATHROOM SINK

There's a pair of knickers in the sink, along with dozens
of cigarette ends.

She takes someones toothbrush and fishes them out, dips
her hand into the water reluctantly to drain it. She takes
her own toothbrush from a pot and brushes her teeth.

KITCHEN

The kitchen area is a state, full of people, attempted
cocktails, beer cans, full ash trays, CD cases with
remnants of powder, a grease covered hob stacked with pans
and half eaten food, half eaten take out next to it.

She pushes through people and tries to get to the kettle.
She clicks it on and searches for a mug.

She finds no mugs so makes her tea in a dirty pint glass.
Another guy comes up to her.

GUY 2

Oi oi!

He's drugged up, goes to hug her, she squirms away from his sweaty armpits, ducking under him to catch the kettle as it finishes boiling.

She goes to the fridge to get milk, there's just an empty carton, she grunts, frustrated and throws the empty container at the recycling.

BEDROOM

She gets dressed for work, smart but not formal.

Make up.

Hair up.

She assesses herself in the mirror.

LIVING AREA

Steph sits down on a spare bit of sofa and lets out a sigh.

She looks around for something, pushing people forward.

STEPH

Sorry, sorry I'm just looking
for my bag.

From behind the people, buried under cushions, JACK appears, mid 30s, shaggy hair.

JACK

You look posh!

She spots her bag on the floor and grabs it.

JACK

Want a line?

STEPH

No...Yes.

He shuffles out from behind the cushions, and slouches down next to her fumbling through his pockets for some mystery powder.

He grabs a CD case off the table and racks up two massive lines.

He presents her with a rolled up note and she goes to snort the line.

STEPH

(snorting the line)
What is this?

She finishes the line.

JACK

K!

A look of panic comes over Stephs face.

STEPH

FUCK!

CUT TO:

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY

Children's art adorns the walls, little plastic chairs and tables are everywhere.

RECEPTION

A phone rings and goes to answer phone.

STEPH O/S

Hi, it's Stephanie. I'm really sorry but I can't make it in today.

(speech begins to slur)

I'm just feeling a bit under the weather.

Her speech becomes an unrecognisable.

STEPH O/S

(fully ketaminised)

Maybe...you could call Jeremy...

Her voice drifts into incomprehensible muttering.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Quiet.

A dripping tap provides a metronome.

Party debris - cans, bottles, ashtrays, phones with powdered screens, guitars, percussion, questionable liquids spilled on the floor, clothes, baggies, wraps, tobacco pouches and rizlas.

So many sleeping bodies.

All tangled, hanging off the sofa, on the floor, underneath the table. From beneath the mass of people a head pops up with a start.

It's Steph.

She springs to life unsure of her surroundings, make-up smudged, her face unable to disguise how big her night was.

She winces in pain.

STEPH

Oh...

She holds her head and sits up properly. Limp, tired bodies roll away from her.

She stands up and stumbles forward, catching herself in a long mirror.

STEPH

Oh God...

She is in hideous fancy dress, part ball gown, part lycra, big boots, make up every where, covered in lipstick kisses, bags under her eyes, a huge wig tangled round her neck.

Jack rolls over on the couch, pushing a sleeping body off him.

JACK

(sleepy)

Morning.

STEPH

Don't...

JACK

Oh, what's wrong? Case of Regretamine?

STEPH

(to herself)

I can't keep doing this.

JACK

Oh come on! You're no fun any more. Where's that happy-go-lucky Steph! The girl who rocked a twelve hour shift on no sleep and two rocks of mandy?

STEPH

That was-

JACK

The girl who instead of going to work built a fortress from sofas and re-enacted Game of Thrones for a whole day on acid!

STEPH
I have a job now Jack, I'm a
teacher. I have

JACK
You're a *substitute primary*
school teacher - that's barely
even teaching. It's barely

She goes to the fridge, opens it, frowns, pulling out an
empty milk carton and throwing it at the recycling.

STEPH
I've missed work four times

JACK
That's not so bad.

STEPH
It's the 12th today...

JACK
Alright, that's quite bad.

STEPH
I'm too old for this...

JACK
For what?

STEPH
For... This!

She signals at the room.

JACK
Oh, you're alright, you're 29.

STEPH
Which is *nine years* too old

JACK
I'm 32! It's fine!

STEPH
It's not fine, we're living in
this stupid bubble of drugs
and booze and people - who

She starts shoving people.

STEPH
You! Who are you? Why are you
in my house?

SLEEPING GUY
Mate, fuck off.

STEPH
You fuck off! Out! Get out!

She rolls the sleeping guy over, exerting effort, her voice strains.

STEPH
Get OUT!

JACK
Whoa, whoa! Chill out!

He gets up to calm her down.

STEPH
I will not chill out. I can't, not now, not while my living room looks like a sodding refugee camp.

A cat comes and wraps itself round her legs meowing for food. She looks at the cat food bowl, it's filled with cigarette ends.

Jack approaches her and puts his hands on her shoulders.

STEPH
(emotional)
There's no cat food. There's never any cat food. There's sick in the shower that's not even mine. There were dirty knickers in the sink. There's never any milk!

JACK
Steph-

STEPH
Buy this cat some food! Make these people go away. Get some milk.

JACK
These are our friends!

STEPH
These are not our friends - who's that?

She points and his gaze follows her finger.

JACK
That's Dave.

STEPH
Ah, yes, good old Dave! And that?

JACK
...Phil.

STEPH
I'm pointing to a girl

JACK
-ippa, Philippa - you didn't
let me finish.

STEPH
These people are here to
take your drugs and drink
our booze. Make them leave.

JACK
They're-

STEPH
They're freeloaders, Jack. Make them
leave.

She walks away.

JACK
(to himself)
Fucking come downs.

She turns back.

STEPH
Make them leave.

JACK
I will!

She looks at him threateningly and walks to her room and
slams the door.

Jack goes and sits back down. He removes a baggy from his
pocket, looks down at a mirror already full of drugs and
slowly puts his baggy back looking around cautiously.

He starts racking up a line. The cat meows, he looks over
at it.

CLOSE ON:

Cats face.

We hear the sound of a line being snorted.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING AREA - DAY

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

JIMMY is hammering away at a wood structure in a corner. He's tall, wearing a tool belt, jeans and a shirt. He has long hair and tanned skin. The house is pristine. Steph has emerged and is walking over to him barely awake, bleary eyed, horse.

STEPH
(through hammering)
Jimmy! JIMMY!

He stops hammering and turns round.

JIMMY
Oh, she's risen!

STEPH
(desperate)
What time is it?

JIMMY
It's 10am. The year is twenty
sixteen and you have been
asleep for eighteen hours!

STEPH
It's...is it Wednesday?

JIMMY
It is Wednesday, the new guy moves
in today! Hence the uh -

He tap-taps the hammer on the wood frame.

STEPH
Why wouldn't anyone wake me?

JIMMY
I think Jack tried, well, he
popped his head in. Said you
opened your eyes for a second,
said "leave me" and passed out
again.

STEPH
I've missed three days of work.

JIMMY
Fuck! Chris, what's your record?

CHRIS
(eating cereal)
Five days, back when M-Kat was
good.

JIMMY
(wistful)
Ah the good old days, recklessly
snorting cheap amphetamines -
your eyes glazed over, you can't

talk and all you can do is take
more delicious drugs.

Steph clicks the kettle on, goes to the fridge.

No milk.

STEPH

Seriously guys, how can you go
three days without milk? Chris,
you're eating cereal! What's on it?

CHRIS

Vegan nut milk or some ting. Tastes
like shit and it curdles in tea.

STEPH

Just go to the shop instead of
drinking Flo's special, expensive
non-milk.

CHRIS

You go the shop!

STEPH

No, I'm not doing it, not again.

She sits and waits for someone to volunteer.

No one does. Jimmy starts hammering again.

She gets up frustrated and goes into her room. Jack comes
in through the front door with shopping bags and walks
into the kitchen and puts his bags down.

JACK

Evening all.

Steph walks out of her room with a big fluffy coat on.

STEPH

Anyone want anything from the shop?

JACK

No. Yes, cat food!

She frowns and exits. Jack fumbles around in his bags,
producing two cartons of milk.

JACK

Got milk!

Chris is pouring more cereal into his bowl.

CHRIS

Safe.

He nabs the milk from Jacks hand as he goes to put it in
the fridge.

JACK
Oh, no please - enjoy! Hang out here eating cereal and dealing drugs while the rest of us work and not drink milk.

CHRIS
You're on the dole, bruv.

JACK
I'm a creative.

CHRIS
Well, you've been "being a creative" for longer than I been dealin, yeah, so who's the mug?

JACK
I'm writing something of worth "yeah?"

CHRIS
I ain't seen you sit down and write shit for months bruv, all you do is buy drugs - off me.

JACK
Bollocks.

CHRIS
Whatever, I just say what I see, innit?

Jack grabs his laptop off the table, sits down and opens the lid. It is open on a blank document.

He clicks to open a recent one entitled "masterworks"

One sentence:

"Mary is a confused girl..."

He checks for anything else. Nothing.

JACK
Well, you don't see everything, you're not Sauron. For you're information I've made a lot of progress on my story about Mary.

CHRIS
(snickering)
Oh yeah? The "confused girl"?

Door slams, Steph enters.

JACK

A young girl, spun around by the whirlwind of adulthood, pulled in every direction by the confusion of...life. Et cetera.

STEPH

Sounds like me.

CHRIS

Sounds shit.

JACK

Well, I think auto-tuned rap sounds shit but you don't hear me complaining every time I hear that blasting from your room.

STEPH

I got your stupid cat it's stupid cat food. The guy in shop is so rude.

She passes Jack the cat food.

JACK

Thank you! I know, I questioned the price of his vodka and he told me stop being a whiny bitch and get out.

CHRIS

He called my ex a cunt.

JACK

Why do we keep going there? There's a shop literally next door, they're lovely in there.

Steph goes to the kitchen and unpacks her shopping.

Takes the milk out and goes to put it in the fridge. Opening the door she sees milk already in there.

STEPH

Oh, for fucks sake!

CHRIS

Angry when there is milk, angry when there's no milk, for a spiritual chick you ain't half arsey.

Hammering - BANG, BANG, BANG!

JACK

Jimmy what are you doing?

JIMMY

New housemate's moving in today, building them a room.

JACK

A new housemate?

JIMMY

Yeah, a new housemate.

JACK

First I'm hearing of this. It'd better be a transexual, anything else will upset the perfectly balanced boy-girl equilibrium we've worked so hard to maintain.

JIMMY

Well, unfortunately-

JACK

Too many guys and we've got a testosterone spewing grudge match of erect cocks, too many girls and their menstrual cycles synchronise, and no one wants that.

JIMMY

Landlord raised the rent and its either get someone new in or raise your rent.

Everyone erupts in anti-rent-raising shouting and screaming.

JIMMY

Yeah, I thought so... New guy it is.

JACK

A guy!?

STEPH

What's he like?

JIMMY

He was better than the others.

STEPH

Better how?

JIMMY

I dunno, just better.

FLO emerges from her room. Long jet black hair, kimono, nose ring, asian, 25.

FLO

What's better? What are you doing?

JACK

He's building a room for the new guy.

FLO

New guy? Why didn't we meet him?
What does he do? Is he weird?

JIMMY

He's a musician or something.
Y'know, he'll fit in.

FLO

Oh great, a creative moving to a
warehouse to "create creations".

JACK

Or a vegan, feminist, activist
moving to a warehouse to... what
is it you do Flo? If that is your
real name.

FLO

Oh, Jack - how are things in the
white, middle class, male realm?

JACK

Last I checked hunky-dory, thanks!

FLO

As ever.

STEPH

It's barely 10am, can we please
refrain from pre-midday race
arguments?

JACK

I'm not arguing.

STEPH

Oh really? You are aware that
whenever this shit starts people
distance themselves from you?

JACK

Don't know what you're talking
about.

PULL BACK:

The other housemates have removed themselves from the
equation leaving Flo and Jack alone in the middle of the
room.

CHRIS

Where's Mark?

STEPH

Yeah, where *is* Mark?

CUT TO:

PLAYGROUND - DAY

MARK, 28, portly, is asleep beneath a jungle gym surrounded by beer cans. We pull back to reveal a playground of children on break.

Two kids wander up and poke him with a stick. He stirs and makes hand gestures, still asleep, like a dog dreaming.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A knock at the door.

CHRIS

That's me.

He goes to the door and lets TRUCE in, black, mid 20s, hip hop gear.

TRUCE

Yeah safe bruv.

CHRIS

What you saying bruv?

TRUCE

Nuffin bruv, jus' comin' back from the studio, yeah? bin layin down straight fire bruv. You should come down the studio one day innit?

CHRIS

Yes bruv that would be sick.

TRUCE

Any time man, any time. You got any ting?

CHRIS

What you need?

TRUCE

I need that mellow haze shit you had the other day.

CHRIS

I got you, come on back, yeah?

They go to his room.

Jack has been watching the exchange.

JACK

(to Steph)

It's like a whole other language.

STEPH

I honestly don't know what

they're saying most of the time.

JACK

Who's that guy?

STEPH

That's "Truce" some grime rapper
or something. Tried it on with
me at a party.

JACK

Ah, he obviously thought you
were a bare peng ting.

STEPH

Clearly.

Jimmy is packing up.

JIMMY

Alright this rooms pretty much
finished, he said he'd be round
about 1 o'clock.

JACK

You let him know about the
paper thin walls and copious
drug use, right?

JIMMY

Mmm, some things are best
learned first hand. Later!

He grabs his tools and leaves.

STEPH

Bye Jimmy!

